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PLEASING COMPANION.

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If others their Example mind,
They'll be belov'd by all Mankind.

MUSEUM

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OR

SHORT HISTORIES

TO

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Pleasing Companion.

The HISTORY *of* FORTUNATUS.

THERE lived, in the Island of Cyprus, a Merchant, who had been possessed of much wealth, but by extravagance was greatly reduced; and this Merchant had a Son, whose name was Fortunatus.

When Fortunatus was grown a young man, perceiving his Father's circumstances to be indifferent, he began to think that he must be a burthen to him, and therefore determined within himself to leave his home, and seek his fortune.

Before he had travelled far, he lost his way in a Wood, and night coming on he could not tell what to do. At midnight the wild beasts began to howl and

roar about him, so for his safety he was forced to get up into a tree.

At dawn of day a Bear made towards him, and was mounting the tree; but Fortunatus made so good a defence with his sword, that he cut off one of the Bear's paws, so that it was impossible for him to keep his hold, and down he fell.

Fortunatus was greatly rejoiced at the success of this adventure; but new sorrows soon came upon him; for notwithstanding he travelled on in tolerable

safety, yet hunger and weariness soon overtook him.

As he was travelling on he met a lady, with a bandage over her eyes: This lady held in her hand a Purse, which she offered to him, and told him that her name was Fortune.—This Purse, said she, will never be empty; for as often as you put your hand into it, you will be able to take out a handful of gold and silver. He thanked her, and was extremely glad of this noble present.

Soon after he came to a great City, where he bought himself fine cloaths, and horses, hired servants, and lived like a Prince; for he never put his hand into the Purse but he always found money enough to pay for what he wanted.

He now took a fancy to travel over the world; and accordingly furnished himself with every thing proper for that purpose in the most splendid manner; and thus he

went to the Courts of all the Princes in Europe. He came at last to the Court of the Grand Turk at Constantinople, who paid him great respect, and shewed him his Palace, which abounded with diamonds, and rich things of all sorts. Last of all he took him into a room, and said, he could shew him the greatest curiosity in the world.—Where is it? said Fortunatus; for my part I see nothing here but an old Hat. That is the very thing that I mean, said the Grand Turk. This, continued he, is a Wishing Hat, and I no sooner clap it on, but I am conveyed in a trice wherever I desire, let the distance be what it will, over hills, vallies, rivers, or oceans.

Fortunatus was surprized at the account of this Hat. Lord! thinks he to himself, could I but get that Hat to my Purse, what man alive would be so happy as I.—Pray, said Fortunatus, is not this same

Hat heavier than common hats?—No, said the Grand Turk, put it upon your head and try.—Fortunatus put it on, and presently wished himself at home in his own country, and in a moment flew out of the window, and left the Grand Turk in the utmost rage.

Who was then so happy as Fortunatus? If he wanted money, it was only putting his hand into his Purse, and he always found enough for his purpose: If he wanted to be conveyed any where, it was only clapping on his Wishing Hat and he was instantly there.

But hearing that the King of England had a beautiful daughter, he determined to see her; so putting on his Hat, he wished himself at London, and presently found himself there. He went to Court, and his cloaths, which were all embroidered with gold and diamonds, were the admiration of all the ladies; and, what

added to their astonishment, was, that he appeared every day in a different dress, but all equally fine.

He soon found an opportunity to declare his love to the King's daughter. She told him, she would return his love, if he would tell her how he came by his great riches. He could not deny her, and therefore told her the secret of his Purse. She then promised to see him the following evening in her Chamber; and in the mean time she had a Purse made perfectly like his, and contrived a sleepy draught, that she mixed with the wine he drank with her, which caused him to fall fast asleep.

During his sleep she changed purses with him; and Fortunatus waking, quite ignorant of what had happened, was taking his leave, and, going to make the servants a present, he put his hand into his purse, but was terribly disappointed,

for he found nothing in it. Suspecting what had been done, he catched the Princess in his arms, and wished himself in some Wilderness with her alone, which immediately came to pass. The Lady was sadly terrified and faint, both with her journey and the horror of the wilderness; but looking up, and seeing some fruit on a tree, she begged of him to climb up and get her some. He, willing to oblige her, got up into the tree, but left his Hat upon her head. As she sat musing, Oh! said she, that I was but once more at home with my dear father! The very instant she spoke this, she was gone, and left poor Fortunatus deprived of both Hat and Purse.

Fortunatus descending from the tree, knew not what he should do. He sat down very melancholy, till at length beginning to eat one of the apples which the Princess had desired him to gather,

he found a pair of great horns sprouting from his head; but an old Hermit meeting him, informed him, that if he would eat only some apples of another tree, which grew near the place, his horns would drop off. He did so, and it was as the Hermit told him.

A sudden thought now came into his head, that he would carry some of both these sorts of apples to Court; and so manage matters, that one should be left in the Chamber of the King's daughter. This plot he executed with success; for when the Princess entered her apartment, and beheld a very fine apple lying on the table, she took and eat it; and immediately a pair of great horns sprung from her forehead. Help and advice was sent for from every quarter, but no physician was found able to remove these horns.

Fortunatus now thought it high time to play his game, and personating a phy-

sician, he undertook the cure of the Princess's strange disorder.

The first thing he cast his eyes upon, after entering the Princess's Chamber, was his old Wishing-Hat, hanging there disregarded; for not a creature knew the virtues of it. Now, thinks he, could I be equally satisfied that she had the Purse about her, I should know how to proceed. In order to try whether she had or not, he acquainted her that his fee came to a thousand pounds. She was content to give it him. He then pulled out of his pocket an apple of the tree the hermit had shewed him, and bid her eat it; which she had no sooner done, but her horns dropped off.

Rejoiced at the Doctor's success, she took out the Purse to satisfy his demands; but Fortunatus espying his Purse, clapped on the Hat, and, clasping her in his arms, wished himself at home with her in the Island of Cyprus; where, when they

arrived, he reproached her for such deceitful usage, and put her in a Nunnery to spend the remainder of her days.

After this he began to think what vexation and troubles he had undergone by means of his Hat and Purse, and that enjoying our wishes too often was the cause of much misery, he resolutely took both Hat and Purse and flung them into the fire, which consumed them. And ever after this he lived a quiet, happy, and contented life.

By this story we find, that even where riches, and every thing that can be wished for, are to be had, yet content does not always follow: Therefore it is most likely, that the mind will be more at peace, when in the humble or middle station of life, than in a more exalted state. From this it is clear that in the mind only true content can be found.

ANDROCLES *and the* LION;
Or, *Gratitude in a Beast.*

THERE was a noble Roman in Africa, who was a Proconsul (or Magistrate as we should call him in this country.) This Roman had a Slave of the name of Androcles, who, having been guilty of a crime, his Master ordered him to be put to death.

Before the time fixed for his being punished, he found an opportunity to get away, and fled to the Deserts of Numidia, where he wandered about among the barren sands, almost dead with heat and hunger, till at last he discovered a cave in the side of a rock, which he went into, and at the farther end of it finding a place, he sat himself down to [illegible]

Androcles had not been [illegible] the cave before he was greatly surprised by a very large Lion entering; and seeing a man at the upper end, directly went

towards him. Now Androcles every moment expected to be destroyed; but on the contrary the Lion, instead of

treating him as he expected, put his paw upon his lap, and in a complaining manner laid down by Androcles, and began licking his hands.

Androcles finding the Lion so gentle, recovered himself from the fright he was in, and observed the Lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled. On taking hold of it he found the animal was in much pain from a large thorn that stuck in it,

which he softly pulled out, and, by gently squeezing the paw, made it discharge some matter: This eased the Lion from the great torture he had been in for a long time before.

The Lion, on receiving this favour of Androcles, left the cave, and soon returned with a fawn that he had just killed, which he laid down at the feet of Androcles, and went off again in search of more. This fawn Androcles placed in the sun, to sodden, by way of roasting it, and then fed upon it till the Lion brought him another.

In this frightful solitude did Androcles remain for some time, the Lion providing him with food, from day to day, with great care. But at last Androcles became tired of this savage companion, and was resolved to deliver himself up to his Master, and suffer the effects of his anger, rather than be driven away from man-

kind; and accordingly he set forward on his way back again.

Now at that time it was a custom for the Proconsuls of Africa to send the largest lions that could be found in the country to Rome, that they might furnish out a shew to the Roman people. Androcles had no sooner surrendered himself to his Master, than he ordered him to be carried to Rome; and that when the lions were ready, for his crime he should be obliged to fight with one of them in the Amphitheatre, for the diversion of the people.

Accordingly Androcles was taken into the Theatre amidst numbers of spectators, waiting for the moment that a Lion would be let lose upon him.

At length a vast large Lion, which had been kept hungry for that purpose, leaped from the place of his confinement, and advanced with great fury towards

him; but suddenly stopped; and, after looking at Androcles very wildly, cringed and creeped along the ground till he came to his feet, which he began to lick, and

to rub against him in the most fawning manner, to the great astonishment of every one.

It was not long before Androcles perceived that it was the Lion which was with him at Numidia, and began the same freedom that used to be between them when in the cave.

The people who saw this behaviour seemed all amazed at the fondness there was between Androcles and the Lion, and insisted on Androcles telling them the cause of it, which he had no sooner done, than they gained him his pardon, and the Lion to be given him. Androcles fed and took great care of the Lion at Rome, for the food that the Lion had procured for him at Numidia; and used to lead him about the Streets of Rome, where the people used frequently to say to one another, "This is the Lion who was "the Man's host. This the Man who "was the Lion's physician."

By this little history we find that a Lion, which is reckoned a very fierce beast, did not forget the service that had been done him; and though he had been kept hungry for the purpose of making him more fierce than he was by nature, yet it could not induce him to

hurt his benefactor. Let this be a lesson to those who call themselves of the human race to be above that of the brute creation.

Let it not then ever be said, that there is more gratitude to be found in a Lion of the Deserts of Africa, than in the little boys and and girls of the Island of Great Britain: For as much as they are blessed, before the Lion, with the power of reasoning, and of a knowledge of right from wrong, so much the more thankful should they be for every favour that is bestowed upon them.

The BASKET MAKER:

A pleasing Story.

IN that part of the ocean called the South Sea is a cluster of Islands which were named Solomon's Islands, from the wisdom and good manners of the people who inhabit them; and in the middle Island lived the Prince, who reigned over the whole of them.

One of the people of this Island, (whose ancestors had been very poor, but by whose virtuous and good actions they were greatly esteemed) had become extremely rich.

This man thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish himself by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house by the sea side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but finding himself at a loss in his

pursuit of pleasure, by a large slip of marsh land, overgrown with reeds, that lay between his house and the sea, and thinking that it became not a man of his fortune to submit to any restraint for the ease and convenience of an obstinate mechanic, he first endeavoured to buy it of the owner, who was a poor honest Basket-maker; but as his livelihood depended upon his working up the flags, or tops of those reeds, in a particular manner, he refused selling it to the Gentleman; fearing, after that he should be left in a starving condition. The Gentleman, for revenge, took the advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to set fire to these reeds, and burned them entirely down.

The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained to the Gentleman of the injury, when the only recompence this poor man got, was the addition of

blows and reproaches, and every kind of ill usage and indignity.

The Basket-maker had but one remedy, and that he took; for going to the Prince who was the King of these Islands, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the King, and made his complaint to him. The King ordered the Gentleman to appear before him; who, after confessing that what the poor man had said was true, proceeded to justify his behaviour, because the poor Basket-maker did not submit to him, who was a Gentleman of rank and fortune.

The King, having heard what he had said, asked the Gentleman, Pray what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, who was a cleaver of wood at the Palace of my ancestors? He was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with so much contempt; but his

distinction was more noble than yours, for it was the distinction of soul, not of birth; the superiority of worth, not of fortune.—I am sorry I have a person (for I am sure he is not a gentleman) who is so base, or so ignorant, as not to know, that ease and fortune were bestowed on him, for the very purpose that he, being free from all cares of providing for himself, might apply his heart and hand to the advantage of others.——The King fixed an eye of indignation on the haughty offender, whom he found muttering out the dislike of the encouragement this must give to the common people, who, he said, were of no consequence. The King again looked at him with a smile of disdain, and said, When men are wanting in reflection, they must find their defects in the pain of their sufferings: Then calling to a Captain of one of his gallies, Here, Yanhumo, said

he, take this Gentleman and the Basket-maker, and convey them to one of the most remote of the Islands, then strip them, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place where they were landed was a marsh full of flags, or reeds, amongst which the Gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to the poor Basket-maker, whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with: But the lights in the galley having alarmed the savages, a body of them came down in the morning, and found the strangers

in their hiding places; when, setting up a dismal yell or cry, they surrounded them, and seemed determined to destroy them without any mercy.

Here the Gentleman began to think that greatness and riches were of little value; for between the cold, a shame of his nakedness, his fear from the fierceness of the savages, and want of means to soften and divert their rage, he crept behind the poor Basket-maker, and thought it no disgrace to consider him as a companion.

Now the Basket-maker was, on the contrary, from the nature of his business and by his poverty, used to be nearly almost naked, it therefore did not seem that hardship to him which it was to the Gentleman, And after thinking some time what he should do, he at last thought that he could make his skill in basket-making useful to him, by making some-

thing that would be pleasing to the savages, if he could but make them understand him well enough to let him alone for a while. So he went boldly on, when, having plucked a handful of reeds, he sat himself down, and then making signs to the savages that he would shew them something, he fell to work, while the savages drew near, and gazed at him.

It was not long before he had made a kind of coronet of pretty workmanship, and then rising with respect and fearfulness, he went to the savage which ap-

peared to be the Chief, and placing it gently on his head, so pleased his followers, that they threw down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome round the inventor of so surprizing a favour.

There was not one but shewed signs to be made as fine as his Chief; so the poor Basket-maker had his hands full of employment. But the savages observing one quite idle while the other was so busy, thought it was not natural justice, and was going to destroy the Gentleman with their clubs.

The Basket-maker's pity now made him forget his past sufferings by this Gentleman; so he arose and prevented the savages from destroying him, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art; but that he might be useful in fetching reeds for his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This luckily pleased the savages; and they crouded round the Basket-maker to watch the progress of his work. They

left the Gentleman to his duty in the Basket-maker's service, and from that time considered him as a slave to the Basket-maker.

From all parts of the Island men, women and children came in droves. The men fell to work, and gathered poles and branches, and made a fine hut for the Basket-maker to live in; and brought him every day, from the other parts of the country, such provisions as they lived upon themselves; but would not suffer the Gentleman, (whom they considered as the Basket-maker's servant) to touch any thing till his master was done.

In this distressed and mortified condition did the Gentleman remain for three months, which gave him a proper idea of his former greatness. And one night as he lay awake, he confessed himself to the Basket-maker in the following words: I have been much to blame. I wanted

judgment to distinguish between excellency and accident. The preference which fortune gives is but imaginary; and now I perceive, but too late, that only things of use are honourable. I am ashamed to remember my malice to you, and in return your humanity to me: But if ever I should be again in possession of my rank and happiness, I will divide all with you, to make you amends for my arrogance, which is now so justly punished.

It was not long before the Gentleman had an opportunity of performing his promise; for the King soon after sent the Captain who landed them with presents to the savages, and ordered him to bring them both back again: And it continues to this day a custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing. And the word for this punishment is, *Send him to the Basket-maker.*

The HERMIT *and the* TRAVELLER.

THERE was a certain Hermit who passed a great part of his life in a lonely hut, quite remote from mankind, whose food was the fruits of the earth, and whose drink was the crystal fountain; and though his garment was but slender, and that extremely ordinary, yet he was content in his poverty, and wished for no more than he had.

One day a Traveller coming by his hut, asked him how far it was to where

he might get a lodging.—Ten miles, replied this Hermit; and it is very late: If you will take up with my cottage to night you shall be welcome.—The Traveller accepted the offer; when the Hermit, willing to entertain him in the best manner he could, kindled a fire, and spread before him his choicest roots and fruits, with some of the clear water from the fountain; and by chearful and pleasant conversation endeavoured to make his visitor quite welcome.

How happy you are, said the Traveller! I would give all I am worth in the world to be as happy.—And what hinders you, said the Hermit: My happiness costs me nothing; for I never had reason to grieve. Are you under any great trouble, that you cannot be happy?—Alas! said the Traveller, the world looks upon me as a happy man. I was once in trade, and grew very rich; but had not a moment's

rest, for I was always under fears that those whom I trusted would break in my debt, that my goods would spoil, and that my ships at sea would be lost; so I gave over trading to try if I could be more at ease, and bought me a place at Court.

I had the good fortune to please the Prince, and became his favourite, and thought I was going to be happy; but I soon found that I was more the Prince's slave than his favourite. Every moment my inclinations were crossed to follow his: He loved hunting; I loved ease, but was obliged all day long to scour the Woods with him. When I returned I desired to lie down to rest. No; that was not to be: For when he gave a ball or an entertainment, I was sure to be invited. I went, though mad within myself; but his majesty's favour was some comfort to me. Then he spoke very graciously to a great Lord of the Court, and told him,

that he believed him to be a very worthy man; and it was said he was to be a second favourite. From that moment I perceived that I was undone, and have since passed several nights without rest; till, wearied out with fatigue, I sunk into sleep. At waking I found I was still uneasy; so I determined to travel, in order to find out a cure.

Ah, said the Hermit, if thou dost desire to be happy renounce the love of riches, and the thirst of honour. Alas! said the Traveller, I wish it with all my heart; but by what means can I bring this about?—Leave the Court, said the Hermit, and the follies belonging to it; and let not thy happiness depend upon the looks of a Prince.—Alas! said the Traveller, you are happy: Your cottage serves you; and you are satisfied with your cloaths; but your heart would ache were you to see the rich apparel of the great

and wealthy.—Yes, said the Hermit, the pomp and state of the town have given birth to ambition and covetousness in thy heart, and have driven peace and happiness away.—Moderate thy desires, if thou wilt recover those valuable blessings.—The Court, where thou livest, is a sea formed for storms and wrecks: Whilst it is in thy power make the shore: The day will come when thou shalt wish thyself there, without the power to reach it.

The Traveller took the Hermit's advice, left the Court, and went and lived in the Country; where, instead of seeking to increase his riches, he enjoyed his wealth in moderation, and distributed what remained to the poor. He then found himself happy and contented, and entirely cured of that avarice and ambition which had, till then, destroyed the pleasures of his life.

Let every little Reader mind this lesson, and be careful that he never lets avarice, covetousness, or ambition enter his mind, for he will from that moment destroy his happiness.

The pleasing History of ZIGZAG *the Philosopher.*

SOME years back there lived a venerable old gentleman, who had constantly made it his employ to improve himself in his learning, by which he got the name of a philosopher. This lover of wisdom, (for that is the meaning of the word philosopher) having for many years made his observations on Mankind, was desirous of making his observations also on Birds, Beasts, Insects, &c.

Accordingly this old gentleman used to wander the fields, up and down, in and out, in an zigzag or crooked direction; so that for want of knowing his proper name, he was called old Zigzag. In this pursuit he went on for a long time, but was still at a loss how to comprehend them, till by study and contrivance he invented a horn, which, by putting the small end in his ear, and holding the other towards the bird or object, he was enabled to understand them.

Zigzag having now got what he had long been wanting, he again set forward on his travels. But he did not go far before he saw many birds, which he went towards, and pulling his horn from his bosom, and placing it to his ear, he slowly walked towards them. The first he came near were two Magpies, at which he listened some time; till at last one of them turning to the other, he said, in their lan-

guage, "Come, let us fly farther and seek better company:" And as they flew away, "I wish, (said Mag) that blockhead would mind his own business, and let our's alone."—This made Zigzag so angry, that he said a Magpie was the most impertinent of all birds.

On walking farther, Zigzag heard a great chirping and chattering in a bush, when going softly towards the place, he discovered they were goldfinches; so putting the horn to his ear, he found that a hen goldfinch had been robbed of her young by some naughty boys, and she was lamenting her sad loss. —Oh, said she, how wickedly do men breed up their children; for they have pulled down my nest, and destroyed my little ones, even before they were fledged. Alas! I shall die for grief!—Oh, what cruelties are mankind guilty of.

Here Zigzag could not but allow the truth of this little feathered innocent, and the cruelty of little boys, who made so bad a use of the power they had over these pretty little songsters, by wantonly destroying them.

Zigzag did not go far before he was roused from his reflections by the cooing of a poor turtle Dove, which seemed to him the notes of distress. On applying his horn again to his ear, he soon found that she was deploring the loss of her mate, who had been just killed from the spot where she then stood by a naughty man; and where she remained in sadness, lamenting the loss, till she fell dead from off the spray.—Oh do you think how wicked it is to destroy those innocent little inhabitants of the air, who do all they can to entertain us with their sweet melody.

Soon after Zigzag hearing a noise amongst some Rooks in a lofty tree at

a little distance, his curiosity led him towards them; when using his horn as before, he found it was the old Rooks talking to their young ones, saying, "Come get up Flapsy, get up Wafty, get up Pecksey, fly away and seek bread for yourself: Do not think your poor father and mother are to feed you for ever."—"I do not know how," says one of the young. "I am not strong enough," says another.—"Then come with me" says the old father; "Come, bustle! bustle! for nature never intended that you should live in idleness, and upon the labours of others. You have wings to fly, and a bill to peck, therefore you must get your own bread."—So out he sent them. For it is a law with the Rooks, never to leave their young till they can get their own food, and then never suffer them to be idle.—Here Zigzag was heard to say, that it was a

pity so good a law was not observed by all mankind.

Zigzag now began to be weary, and, after travelling a field or two farther, he sat himself down to rest. He had not set long, before he saw a Bee just sipping the sweet of an honey-suckle, and a lazy Wasp standing by. Zigzag being desirous of knowing whether the Bee and the Wasp had any conversation together, gently placed his horn to his ear, when he heard the Bee say to the Wasp, "What a very lazy creature you are, Mr. Wasp, and how like a fop you go fluttering about, without endeavouring to get any thing to lay by for your support in Winter, but mean to live on the labours of others."—"Ah! Mr. Bee, (replied the Wasp,) you are not the wisest creature in the world, I should admire your industry, was you to reap the benefit of it; but that is not the case; for your property is

not your own: That tyrant, man, will come in the night, set fire to your house, and murder you, in order to rob you of your food; therefore your labour only serves to bring on your own destruction, which is the reason we do not labour; for as we have nothing to lose, no one will destroy us for the plunder; so we feel the good of our idleness."—"This is too true, (said the Bee,) and is poor encouragement to be industrious;" and then flew away to the hive, and told the Queen Bee.—To this the Queen replied, "The story of the Wasp is in support of his idleness: That never can be a just excuse for laziness. It is the duty of every one to be industrious, and to provide in the Summer against the necessities of the Winter. And however unmerciful mankind may be, let us not neglect our duty; let us hope, that as they grow more wise they may be more merciful. Their

wisdom will point out, that it is their interest to preserve us, by driving us into a new hive, and giving us a little sugar to live upon during the Winter, rather than destroy us, that we may again collect the sweets, and fill our new hive with honey for their service."—Here Zigzag agreed that what the Bee had been saying was very true.

Zigzag trudging forward, saw a setting Dog pointing to a Partridge.——"Ah! Mr. Dog, (said the Partridge) why do you seek a life that has done no harm, and which can do you no service? Your master it too fond of a delicious morsel to give you any of my body when dressed; and as you have felt, by his whipping you sadly, that he is a tyrant, why should you be desirous of promoting his pleasure by cruelly being the means of taking away my life."—At this the Dog hung down his head, and said, "My master

is so cruel, that if I do not help to murder you for his dinner, I shall not get even a piece of carrion for my own."—Alas! how cruel is man.

Zigzag having rested himself while listening to the Bee and the Wasp, now arose to go on his journey; when falling over a little hill in which was an Ant's nest, it awakened his curiosity. Upon this he placed his horn to his ear, and was amazed to hear the disturbance he had made among them.—Oh, my children, squalled one: My child is destroyed, cried another: My father is killed, said a third: My mother is quite lamed, said a fourth: And so these little inhabitants of the earth received much injury from Zigzag, which made him very uneasy.

In this manner did Zigzag go about reflecting on what he had heard from different birds, animals, &c. and at last made this remark; That all animals

have the same feelings of pain and pleasure as Man; and it is well known, that the same Almighty Hand that made Man, made them also: That they are our fellow tenants of the globe; and as such we ought to be kind to those that are innocent, and do not mean to hurt us; and if it be necessary to kill such as are offensive, or endanger our safety, that it should be done with as little torture as possible. For, as Zigzag used to say, the wise and good man is an admirer of all the works of the Creator, and will endeavour to promote their happiness.

But the different complaints Zigzag had heard of, by the cruelty of man, so put him out of humour, that he broke his horn in pieces, so that he might not hear any more of the matter.

THE END.

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